



For the Proprietor of
HONGKONG TELEGRAPH
For and on behalf of
SOUTH CHINA MORNING POST, LTD.

The Hongkong Telegraph

TODAY'S WEATHER: Moderate or fresh Easterly winds.
Fair.
Noon Observations: Barometric pressure, 1022.0 mbs., 30.21
In. Temperature, 64.1 deg. F. Dew point, 55 deg. F. Relative
humidity, 73. Wind direction, East. Wind force, 15 knots.
High water: 6 ft. 8 in. at 10.28 p.m. Low water: 2 ft. 7 in. at
4.07 p.m. (Wednesday).

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VOL. IV NO. 49

TUESDAY, MARCH 1, 1949.

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COMMUNISTS' PEACE

DELEGATES CHOSEN

Nanking Said To Have List

REDS MAY BE WILLING TO MODIFY DEMANDS

Shanghai, Mar. 1.—It was reliably learned, but unconfirmed, today that the Chinese Communists have already chosen members of the delegation which will sit down with the Nationalists at the peace table, and there is evidence that the Communists are willing to modify their demands for stiff penalties for the "war criminal" list headed by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek.

Chinese reports asserted this morning that the unofficial peace mission headed by Dr. W. W. Yen, of which the government delegate, Shao Li-tze, is also a member, was informed at Peiping of the names of the Communist negotiators and the information has been handed on to government officials at Nanking. However, none of the names was made public.

Other information from sources close to the Shanghai mission members pointed to the softening of the war criminal demands but increased emphasis by the Communists on the reorganisation of the Nationalist armies.

One report indicated that the records of conferences between the Nationalists and Communists during the Marshall mission to China in 1946 have been brought out to be given a close study in search for a formula which might be acceptable to both sides. The points brought up during the conferences during that period, on which partial or full agreement was at least tentatively decided, are now being listed, presumably as a basis for discussion. The revived spirit of unity between the Nanking and Canton factions was stressed by most of the Chinese reports. Temporarily at least, President Li Tsung-shan is the actual as well as the titular head of the government.

REPAIRING MACHINE

Premier Sun Fo's decision to return to Nanking to meet critics and face the overall peace problem, it is generally believed, will result in sufficient repair to the mediation programme likewise.



An old woman newsdealer spreads her wares atop a pile of rubble in Berlin. She is one of the many small vendors amid the city's war ruins.

China's Basic Currency

Shanghai, Mar. 1.—Governor S. Y. Liu of the Central Bank declared yesterday evening that the Gold Yuan will continue to be the basic currency for China, following the introduction of the economic reform, and all business transactions, contracts and accounting should continue to be stated in Gold Yuan. He said the Gold Yuan would continue to be issued on a restricted scale. Mr. Liu also announced that the Central Bank and other Government banks would shortly undertake to buy foreign currencies at prices to be quoted daily. Mr. Liu said that to combat skyrocketing commodity prices the Central Bank would continue to dump supplies on the market.—Reuter.

Does Trade On Rubble

MAYHEW WAS "NEEDED" INTO RASH STATEMENT

Britain's Recovery Not Yet Complete

Washington, Feb. 28.—Mr Paul G. Hoffman, the Marshall Aid Administrator, claimed today that Mr Christopher Mayhew, the British Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, had been "needed by the Russians" into saying that Britain had already achieved recovery.

He characterised both this and yesterday's statement by Mr Hector McNeill, that Mr Mayhew had been "telling the truth," as "almost purely political."

Mr Hoffman, "embarrassed and distressed" by the Mayhew affair, appeared before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee today to save the British allocation under the second year of Marshall aid. The general opinion here is that he may have succeeded.

The Committee had called in Mr Hoffman and a group of advisers to justify Britain's share of the \$5,580 million to be allocated to the European Recovery Programme in its second year.

Mr Hoffman said that any reduction in Britain's allocation would adversely affect continued recovery in both the United States and Western Europe. "We are convinced that the salvation of Western Europe depends upon the joint economic effort of all the participants and can only be achieved by mutual aid and closer economic co-operation."

"Any setback to a country so important as Britain would be bound to have the most serious consequences."

He told the Committee that no cut could be made in the aid to Britain, despite the statement of Mr Mayhew that Britain had "virtually achieved recovery." It remains to be seen what effect the British statements will have on the full Senate debate in the next few weeks.

On Saturday, Mr McNeill, Minister of State, speaking in Scotland, said Mr Mayhew had "blurted out the truth at the wrong moment." The same evening, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Stafford Cripps, issued a statement that Britain's recovery was not complete and depended on continued American aid.

Mr Hoffman told the Committee: "A cut cannot be made. This present situation is a very distressing one for us. To put it mildly, these speeches have proved very embarrassing to us. But I can say that, if there should be any slowing down of British recovery, I can think of nothing that would be more disastrous to the whole Recovery Programme."

"TIGHT FIT"
Britain's proposed allocation is \$940 million in new aid. Mr Hoffman told the Committee that it was "a tight fit" the absolute minimum needed. He said the question of cutting the

"Murdered" Aboriginal Still Alive

TELLS DRAMATIC STORY

Darwin, Feb. 28.—Raiwala, "the greatest aboriginal of all times," who turned up 300 miles from here after his "murder" had been reported last December, today told his own story of a long chase through scrub in pursuit of a young native who had carried off his daughter.

A patrol of white police is now trekking through the Arnhem Land escarpment looking for the "murderer," who was said to have killed him with a shovel-nosed spear. Raiwala, who has acted as right-hand man to Australia's leading anthropologist, Dr Donald Tomson, is now in hospital here.

Four months ago, Raiwala said today, a young aboriginal carried off his daughter. Accompanied by his wife, Maile, he set off in pursuit. After many days' travel, they were ambushed by the aboriginal Raiwala ducked and a spear aimed at his head passed through his hat. Another spear, aimed at his stomach, passed between his legs. He sidestepped and a third spear passed under his armpit.

The eloping native, a warrior, rushed into the thick scrub, his stolen bride following him. (Continued on Page 5)

Indonesian Republicans Refuse Round-Table Conference

Batavia, Feb. 28.—The Indonesian Republicans have rejected the Netherlands' invitation to attend a round-table conference on the Indonesian problem at the Hague on March 12. At the same time, they charged the Dutch with failure to comply with the United Nations' security resolution on Indonesia.

The flat refusal came from the island of Banka, where the Republican leaders have been held in "protective" custody by the Dutch colonial officials since December.

Dr Mohammed Rum, chairman of the Republican delegation, cabled Batavia. "Our government will never take part in any action evading implementation of the Security Council's resolution."

Neutral sources in Batavia, including United Nations representatives, immediately indicated that the Republicans refused to attend the round-table conference aimed at Indonesian sovereignty.

Yesterday, Indonesian federalist leaders hailed the Netherlands' conference proposal and warmly promised co-operation in sovereignty discussions. However, observers said, the Republican rejection dashed cold water on Dutch hopes for settlement outside the United Nations.

Exiled Republicans condemned Dutch inaction on the Security Council's resolution calling on the Netherlands to form an interim government—including the Republicans—by March 15. The United Nations Indonesian Commission on already has indicated that it will report the whole matter back to the Security Council tomorrow (Tuesday), the deadline for Netherlands acceptance.

The Republicans said the Hague's round-table proposal was an "expression of the Netherlands' denial of the legality of the Security Council's intervention and substitutes a different proposal on their own authority."—United Press.

PALAR'S PREDICTION

New York Feb. 28.—The Indonesian Republican delegate to the UN Security Council, Mr L.N. Palar, predicted today that the Dutch invitation to a round-table conference at the Hague, would "present to the United Nations its own proposals for a solution based on the realities of the present situation in Indonesia and Southeast Asia."

Mr Palar told the press that the Dutch call for a conference was "clear rejection and outright defiance of the Security Council's three resolutions, adopted since the Dutch launched their attack on the Republic on December 19."

He said the United Nations was "bound to act on Dutch non-compliance" before March 12, but if the Council took no action, the nations represented at the recent New Delhi conference were "sure to come to our assistance."

Mr Palar told the press the Dutch statement of policy was designed to avoid:
1. Restoring the Republic of Indonesia.

Weekend "War" Ends In Truce

Bangkok, Feb. 28.—Siam's "weekend war" ended today with a reported truce with the rebels and the appointment of a Government Conciliation Commission.

A Government communique said the troops called out for the suppression of the revolt would be withdrawn by 6 p.m. local time but would be ordered to stand by for further action. At least 43 rebels were arrested. No casualty figures have been released.

The fighting, in which Army and Navy groups clashed in the streets of the capital, was believed to be a sequel to an open revolt against the Government of Marshal Phibul Songkram by the civilian followers of Pridi Panomyong, the wartime leader of the anti-Japanese Resistance Movement. Pridi Panomyong was supported by elements of the Navy.

HOW IT STARTED

First reports from the Siamese Army India said heavy fighting had centred on the railway workshop area on the outskirts of Bangkok, around the Royal Palace in the centre of the city, and at the river mouth town of Paknam, 20 miles to the south.

The fighting began, the statement said, when a party of people in military uniform attacked the Publicity Department and took over its radio station—one of the four broadcasting stations in the capital.

The Siamese Air Force and police were understood to have been neutral in the crisis. The capital was practically back to normal today but Government buildings and strategic points were still strongly guarded.

Diplomatic sources regarded the situation as still tense but improving. The rebel leaders were reported to be in conference on a final "peace" settlement.—Reuter.

Butler Robs The Cellar

Arrington, Cambridgeshire, Feb. 28.—Rudyard Kipling's daughter likes her tea but not when it comes out of a sherry bottle. Mrs. Elsie Bamberidge, daughter of the late writer thought the sherry tasted queer. Investigating further in her cellar she found rows of wine bottles filled with tea, ink and water.

On Monday her butler, William Kirby, 59, pleaded guilty to stealing £700 worth of wines and liquors. He was sentenced to six months in prison.—Associated Press.

Reds Shower Leaflets On Princess

London, Feb. 28.—Communists showered Princess Elizabeth with propaganda leaflets on Monday.

Appearing in public with her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh for the first time since Prince Charles was born, the Princess toured an "ideal home" exhibition staged by the Daily Mail.

Shortly after she arrived two men climbed a balcony rail and threw down leaflets bearing the Communist hammer and sickle.

One of the men shouted "houses for all not for the few. Houses for the working people not for the rich."

A bystander pulled him down. The royal party ignored the incident and went on examining nursery furnishings.

The secretary of the London Young Communist League later told reporters the leaflets had been prepared by the League "pointing out the absurdity of holding an exhibition of ideal homes when 1,000,000 people are homeless in London."—Associated Press.

EDITORIAL

The Star Ferry Service

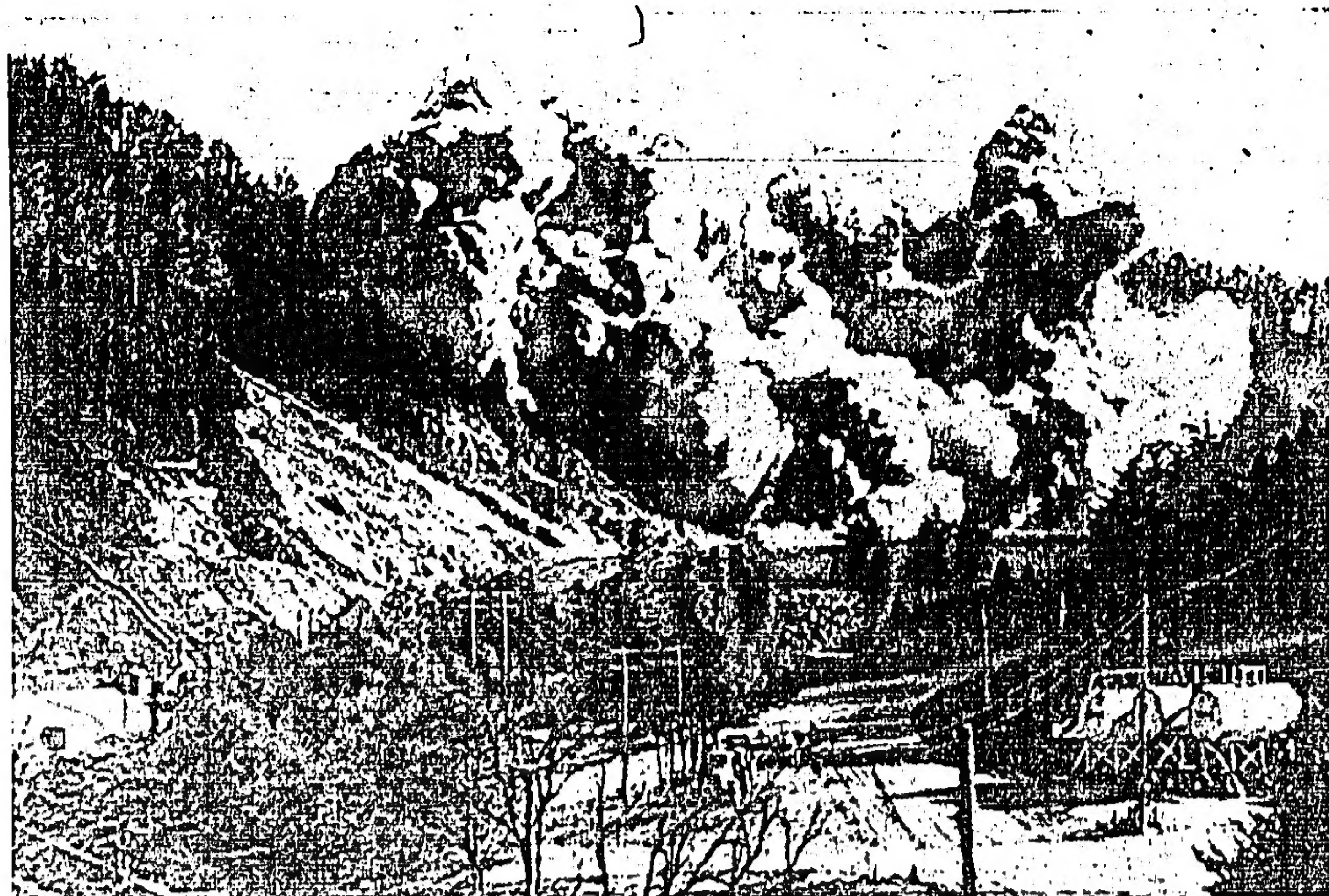
IT has been stressed time and again during the past two years through editorials and by correspondents that, unless and until, the ferries are modernised by means of new piers and decentralised services, the queuing, the overcrowding and the irregular time tables which for so long have characterised cross-harbour commuting, will never be corrected. This was tacitly admitted at the annual meeting of the Star Ferry Company held yesterday, with the blame for difficult and inadequate service being thrust upon Government. That there is a dispute between these two factions is obvious: what concerns the travelling public is why they should be the sufferers. The Star Ferry accuses Government of being responsible for retarding the work of reconstructing piers because it will not promise renewal of franchise until the Abercrombie report has been received and approved. Government's position in the argument has not been stated. It may be all, less, or more what the Star Ferries claim. But to the public who have suffered a fair amount of inconvenience for more than three years it seems that the time has passed when dialectics should govern the running of a utility service. Undoubtedly the Star Ferry fares are reasonable; that the monthly ticket holder is, from the pocket-book point of view being given a fair deal; assuredly the company's staff, from crews to inspectors, are performing a first class job. All this is recognised and appreciated. But the fact remains that for the harbour commuter, travelling, especially at the peak hours, is a trial and an irksome problem. It is admitted that the annual load for 1948 was nearly three times that of pre-war; yet the physical ability to handle that increase today is no greater, if anything slightly

less. No visible attempt has been made to correct this position. The fleet is one short of the pre-war strength; the piers are the same (except that one on either side of the harbour seems to be in a permanent state of repair, thus reducing the speed by which passengers can be off and on loaded); and, because the traffic today is three times pre-war, this means to the passengers irritating delays in getting from one side of the harbour to the other. A duty to solve this problem appears to devolve on two parties—Government and the Star Ferry Company. On Government's part, to extend the franchise once it is satisfied that necessary improvements are going to be made to the service; on the company's part to make those guarantees. It may well be that development and modernisation of the Star Ferry service is dependent on the Abercrombie report. If this be so the sooner Government is told to insist on production of that report, the better for the Colony. On the other hand, the public would appreciate an assurance that the franchiser has prepared at least a blueprint for bringing the ferry services into line with present-day requirements. On this score little has been said and some enlightenment would not come amiss. Government inertia on a public issue of this importance is intolerable and inexcusable. But it would help the public to place the blame more fairly if it were assured that those who are responsible for this utility service had done everything within their power to bring it into line with present-day requirements. The ferry service is indispensable to tens of thousands of workers in Hongkong; that is its importance, and that is why it must be maintained at the highest level of efficiency—Abercrombie Report notwithstanding.

WORLD NEWS IN PICTURES



NOT TWINS—This is just Sandy, an orang-utan in the New York Zoological Park, admiring herself in a mirror. Sandy is particularly fond of dressing up in a towel or any piece of material she can get, and her manners are at all times those of a perfect lady.



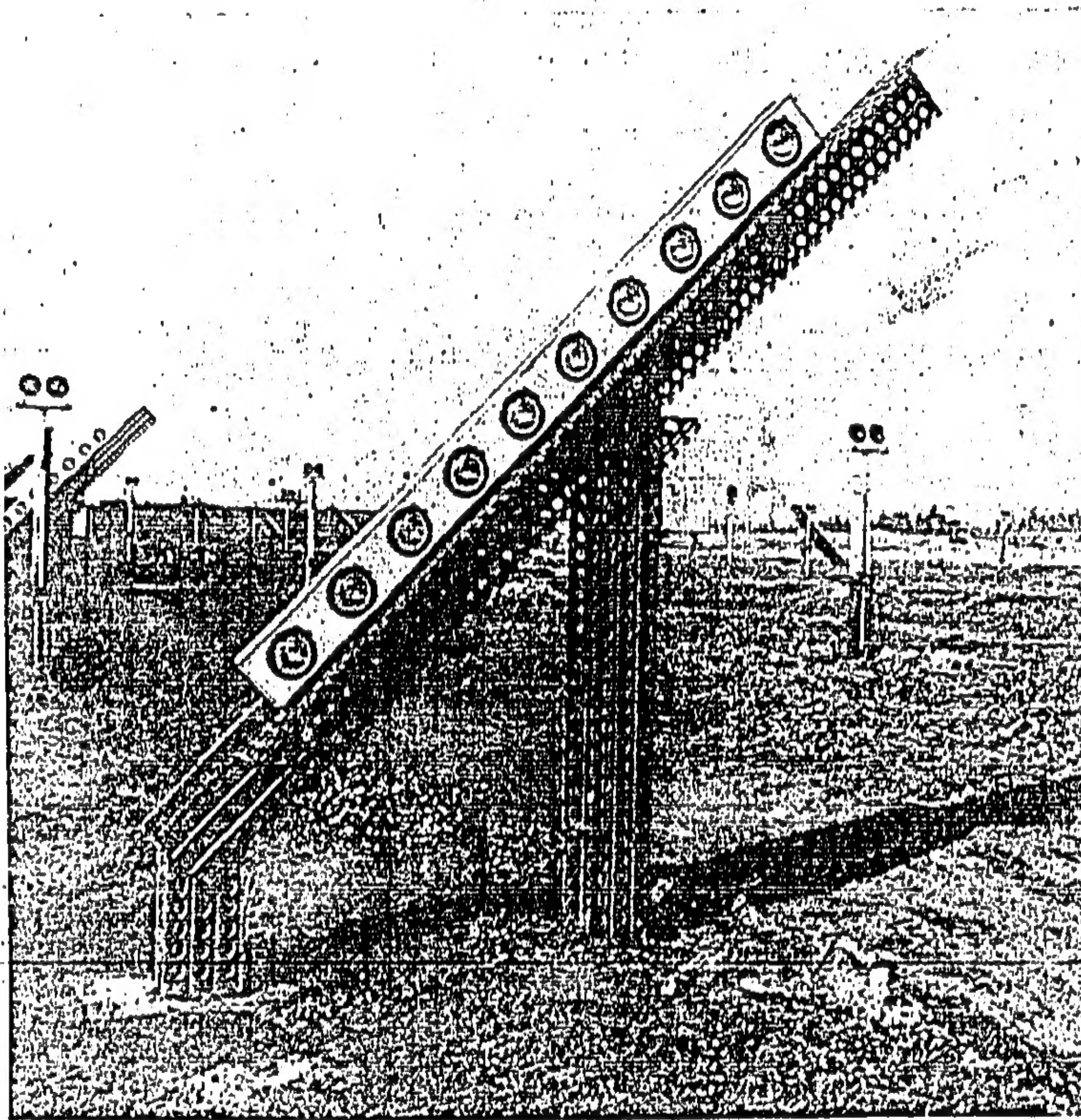
ALL IN A DAY'S WORK—This mountainside near Bristol, Tennessee, received a considerable jolt when engineers set off 1.3 million pounds of explosives. The blast—called the largest in construction history—loosened the almost solid rock mountain. So powerful were the explosives that the detonation was felt 25 miles away.



GUARD OF HONOUR—At Sun Valley, Idaho, Fact, a thoroughbred stallion, is given a skier's guard of honour. The horse was presented by Premier Josef Stalin to W. Averell Harriman when the latter was wartime Ambassador to Russia. Harriman has now had Fact retired.



INTERNATIONAL—A lot of countries are mixed up in this photograph. Gypsy Markoff, famous accordionist, took the French doll to New York from the West Indies with her on the Dutch liner, Nieuw Amsterdam.



SAFETY DEVICE—At Arcata, California, these new slopline approach lights are being tested. They were devised to bring aircraft in safely in poor visibility, and are being tried out at the Landing Aids Experimental Station.



DIFFERENT—This ankle-length evening gown is made with a slit top, shaped over the bosom, and has a wide midriff.



READY TO GO—This Washington State fire-fighter displays the equipment these men have when they jump. The U.S. Forest Service trains these men to drop by parachute into inaccessible areas when forest fires break out.



RECORD BREAKERS—Major Russell E. Schleich, left, and Major Joseph W. Howell, right, pilot and co-pilot of the United States Air Force six-jet B-47 bomber, are congratulated by Brig.-Gen. Yantiss H. Taylor in Washington. Schleich and Howell broke the previous transcontinental speed record when they crossed the country in three hours, 46 minutes.



CELEBRATION—Sister Miriam Joseph had just been elected president of the Catholic First Grade Organisation in Chicago, Illinois. She celebrated by scoring a strike in a bowling game.

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COLOR"**

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GAY RED

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NEW—Exciting—yes—the most beautiful women in the world depend on Tangee, the world's finest lipstick! And Tangee GAY RED is just the color you need to step up your "lip-appeal". Beautiful women like Mrs. Adolphe Menjou, Mrs. Randolph Scott, to name a few, say GAY RED is the "hit color" of the year...

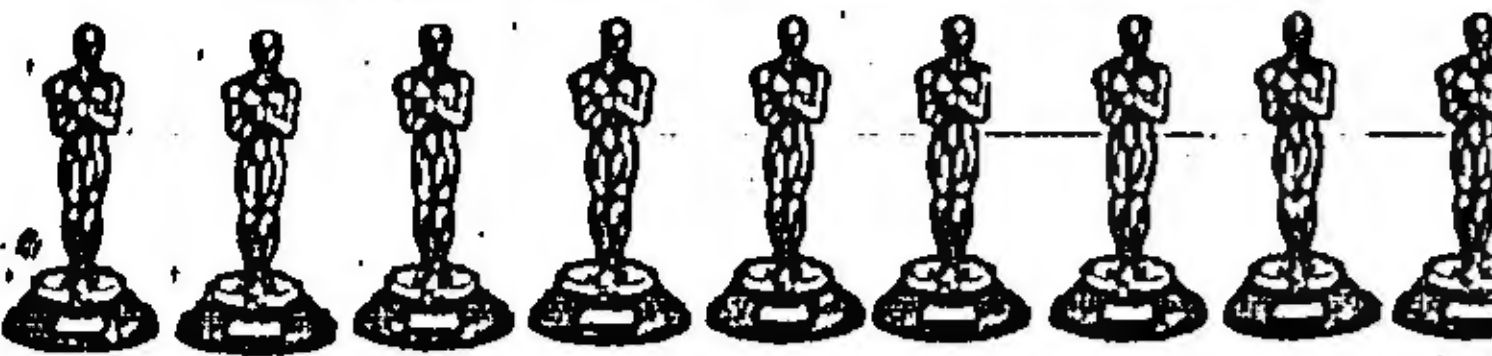
—because this exciting new shade really does make your lips look young and gay.

—because it gives you all the famous advantages of Tangee's exclusive Petal-Finish. Discover GAY RED today.

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TO-MORROW "HER HUSBAND'S AFFAIRS"



"Gorgo, this presentation of cigarettes the village made you—is it true you've been selling them at the local for three shillings a packet?"

JAMES CAMERON, Britain's most travelled reporter (he has a log book showing 100,000 miles) comes down to earth for his latest assignment, and he says . . .

BACK IN GERMANY. THIS is travel now, cooped up in one's little rocking, clattering cell, clattering through the darkness eastwards from Brussels. For once, no matter what goes wrong with this journey, one cannot blame the airways; for once, we are travelling—how splendid is science—on the surface of the earth, not 8,000ft. above it.

Outside is the lamp-speckled, anonymous blackness of Westphalia. No bomb pits, no shell scars in the night. There might have been no war, till day lights up its ruin again.

A little while ago in Aachen a German official plunged his keys in the door for passports with a gruff, "Guten Abend."

The light is still too dark for reading, too bright for sleep. The Nord Express trundles noisily along, in no way changed, it seems, from the last time I rode on it 13 years ago.

Trains have that disturbing romance which planes have not. In the past two or three years I have done a mileage equivalent of some three circuits of the world, but this is the first time I have done any part of it by good old train-boat-train.

TO THE COAST NOW, finally, I am sitting like some Eric Ambler character surrounded almost certainly by strange and suspect emissaries of who knows what mysterious international interests.

The man in the corner looks like a C.C.G. official looking from leave in Streatham, the man behind the enormous black beard claims to be a salesman from Leipzig; but I am in the mood to see intrigue and conspiracy in those brief-cases, those folded copies of *Le Soir de Bruxelles*.

I feel there should be something in this for Alfred Hitchcock. I have, as I say, got out of the way of trains.

It begins in a most mundane and embarrassing fashion. I have caught airplanes at hours

give me the old-fashioned airplane . . .

all round the clock, hot and cold, dark and light, well and ill; all I wanted was the eight a.m. from Victoria, and I missed it. I reached the coast behind schedule and ill at ease.

How one hates the rolling main. I go aboard slightly numb by a precautionary breakfast of anti-sickness tablets and black coffee. I have been to four continents, but this Channel packet is the biggest ship on which I have ever been. It is not nearly big enough.

Does one say in a Channel steamer—or on—for me, it is in, as deeply as possible, rather the smells and the creaks than the constant prospect of that greyish, turbulent, inhospitable, emetic sea.

TO OSTEND THE ship is full of nuns, as usual—what crosses Channel commuters these nuns are! From earliest youth I remember this crossing as peopled with them. They sit in corners, pale and silent, but they are never sick—how could they be?

The boat decants me wanly on to Ostend in a dank and bitter gale. *La Reine des Plages*! Had I down I would have been in Vienna by now—or equally probably still at Northolt.

The train waits, emitting that type of damp, gasping steam characteristic of less than express Europeans. It waits with London, Ostende, Bruxelles, Koeln, Frankfurt, Kopenhagen, Praha written on its iron flank. It has a long way to go and a lot of time to get there.

There is no silly optimism about us being on the point of departure—had it been a plane one would be continually encouraged by "Any minute now!" Here the train will leave when it is good and ready—

Night drags mournfully on. The deeper into Europe the slower and more reluctantly goes Nord Express; it is heading now into the gritty nose of the Ruhr, and I cannot blame it.

The six languages in our coach gradually die down; all that is left now is a plaintive English voice brooding over difficulties of getting hold of a few Belgian francs. (In the air one would never have heard him.)

So along we go, hundreds of tons of grating steel moving simultaneously over hundreds of steady miles. The Wright Brothers never thought of that. The train is a wonderful thing, a great invention. But mark my words children, it will never replace the good old-fashioned Skymaster airplane.

In a couple of hours. One end of the train is Danish, our end is Czech. It resembles atmospherically the refrigerating chamber of a Siberian mortuary, the radiator indicator points steadily to the side which says with almost too much emphasis: "Chladno—Froid—Kalt—Freddo."

In a train, in fact, one can take part in many activities: Opening the ventilator to admit the product of what seems to be some nearby poison-gas factory; heaving up a window like a cock gate, walking half a mile up the train to get a preposterously expensive, dull meal.

The train is full—British officers returning grumpily to the Zone, some Americans bound for Frankfurt and Nuremberg, assorted non-committal business men, an elegant Dane who chats perceptibly in fluent English slang of the twenties. For a brief, nostalgic second he calls me Old Bean.

TO THE RUHR THREE Englishmen are found in a first compartment with second-class tickets. The German ticket elegant man, in a show of aggression, retires helplessly. I feel mildly sorry for him.

Shortly afterwards a British frontier official meets almost precisely the same situation with an American sergeant travelling on inadequate orders, and retires similarly baffled. I feel less sorry for him.

There I believe you have one of air travel's great advantages, no first and second class stuff.

Nine Out Of 10 Need Glasses

My eyes are dim
I cannot see
I have not brought
My specs with me . . .

THE "Quartermaster's Stores" did not become the most popular Army and factory community song of the war for nothing. It was based on a home truth. Four people in every ten need spectacles because their eyes are dim and they cannot see even reasonably well. Only one person in every ten of the thousands thronging opticians' parlours to have their eyes tested under Britain's new National Health Service is found to have perfect unaided vision.

So to Aneurin Bevan's quartermaster's stores on the civilian equivalent of Army Form 100, are pouring demands for spectacles at the rate of 12 million pairs a year. Since the Health Service began last July, Britain's optical industry has increased production by a quarter and is now making spectacles at a rate of nearly seven million pairs a year.

The difference between demand and production explains the delay in getting spectacles. Average delay is now about 12 weeks. Before the Health Service, annual production of spectacles dropped considerably below the yearly average of 5½ million pairs. Then, on July 5, 1948, the situation changed dramatically overnight. The industry, from being virtually at a standstill, was jerked into very rapid motion. It has not yet regained its balance, but the production arrears are no longer increasing so fast.

Curved lenses are the best, and are prescribed for Health Scheme spectacles. But they are more difficult to make. About 400 different curved lenses are in everyday popular demand. Each type needs its own moulds, dies, grinding and polishing tools.

Changing over the machines takes time, so production has to be planned on a six-weeks cycle of work.

MUCH IN DEMAND I saw in production a much demanded type of "spherical-cylindrical toric" lens—that is, one shaped like a section of the side of a barrel.

Imagine several aeroplane hangars joined together filled with rows of clanking, squeaking machinery. Each row has a line of rotating spindles so devised that dozens of lenses are ground or polished with a slow circular sweep, rather as a bald headed man wipes round his crown, when hot. Workers, machines and factory floor are red with a coating of liquid rouge.

The process begins when the glass blank, weighing about 9 drams, is moulded to the rough shape of the required lens. The disc is heated to 1,775 degrees F. and shaped by a pneumatic plunger and die. The shaped disc is then annealed by cooling for 24 hours to avoid internal strains which would cause the lens to shatter.

After testing for flaws, twelve discs at a time are glued with pitch on to a small cast-iron wheel, when the wheel is mounted on the spindles of a machine.

HOURS OF GRINDING Then follow hours of tedious grinding (with abrasive), smoothing and polishing (with rouge and felt). The machines carry on when the operators go to lunch.

After examination for tiny scratches—called "slags"—the process starts all over again on the reverse side of the lens. After being removed from the pitch by freezing—the pitch contracts more than the glass—the lenses are given a naphtha bath to remove any pitch and traces of rouge, and are then polished by hand. Now, for the first time, they appear as shining bits of spectacle glass.

Each is tested for power, thickness, surface quality and optical concentration. Each lens must be accurate to one ten-thousandth of an inch, but usually the accuracy is even greater.

Spectacle frames are cut and pressed from sheets of plastic in many varying colours; flesh-coloured pink and brown are the most popular. Metal frames are made from drawn wire with a thin skin of gold around it. Cases are made by specialist firms, cost eighteen pence.

Now, aged 71, Max has just flown to Australia to keep an eye on export business. When he began, Britain imported 95 percent of her spectacles. Now she makes all her own and sends 11 percent of her lens production overseas, mainly to the Dominions.

The Alporton factory, managed by John Wiseman, can make 1,500 different lenses, about 95 percent of all required. They come in a multitude of different sizes, shapes and optical powers, and are classified broadly into two kinds, flat and curved.

Chief factor handicapping production is shortage of lenses. This is caused by (a) lack of skilled workers and (b) lack of machinery—but this is now being overcome.

Spectacle-makers are divided into two main groups, prescription houses and quantity production houses. They make both frames and lenses by different methods, but using the same principles. They employ about 6,000 people. There are dozens of prescription houses, only about six large-scale manufacturers.

She makes most of her own clothes. A month or so from now an English girl from Spennymoor will come over to do Mary's work in the North Bergen factory.

AMERICA'S most persuasive Roman Catholics are trying to persuade Earl Browder, wartime boss of the U.S. Communist Party, to turn Catholic.

A LOCAL RAILWAY is going to experiment with a Broadway special. Suburbanites living up to 70 miles from New York will be able to buy tickets for the shows from railway booking offices. The train will bring them into town in time for dinner and the show, and on the return trip supper and drinks will be served to complete the night out.

DOCTORS blame the death of banker Nathan McClure, of Harrison, New York, upon a misadventure likely to befall few in Britain. He choked on a piece of steak.

BACK IN NEW YORK for the first time since the war, the Queen of Bermuda got the biggest reception of any British ship yet. Apart from the usual whistles and sirens in New York's bay, there was a crowd of sightseers, most of them middle-aged, at the pier. The reason: New Yorkers remember with nostalgia the liquor cruises they took in her between here and Bermuda during Prohibition.

C.V.R. THOMPSON REPORTS The American Scene

NEW YORK. THE great ambition of Mary Uglianitzka, a typical American working girl, was to visit Britain.

The ambition grew out of all the wartime letters from her brother David about Britain and his English wife.

In the factory in North Bergen, New Jersey, where she works, there is a suggestion-box. One day she slipped in a suggestion that for the betterment of Anglo-American relations British and American working girls should regularly swap jobs.

Like everyone who uses a suggestion-box, Mary forgot all about it. But then her boss sent for her. Said he: "You said in the Queen Mary on February 11."

"I'm pretty lucky," Mary told me. "If my parents had not decided to come here from Russia I might have been working behind the Iron Curtain."

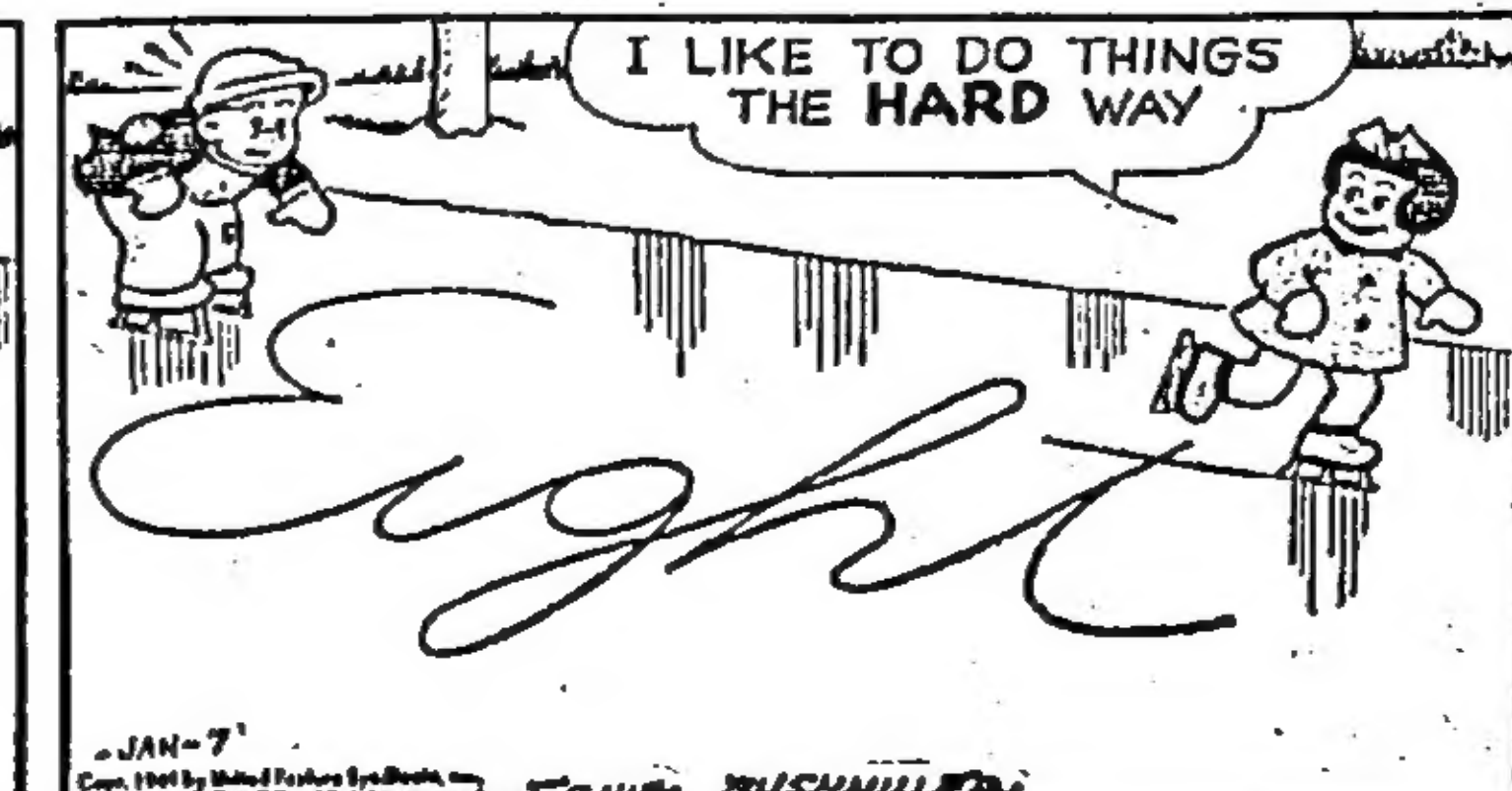
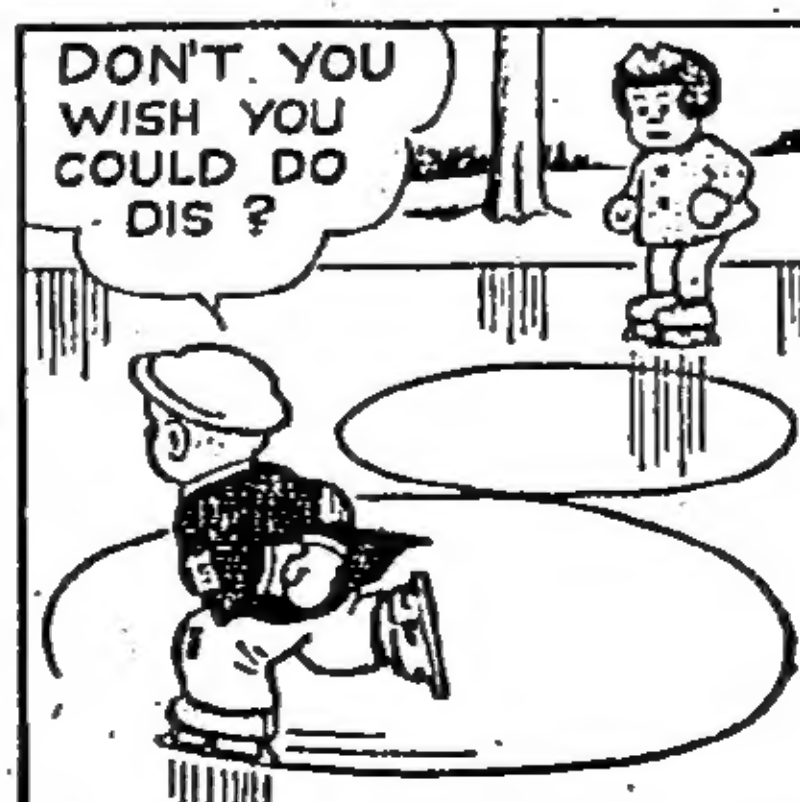
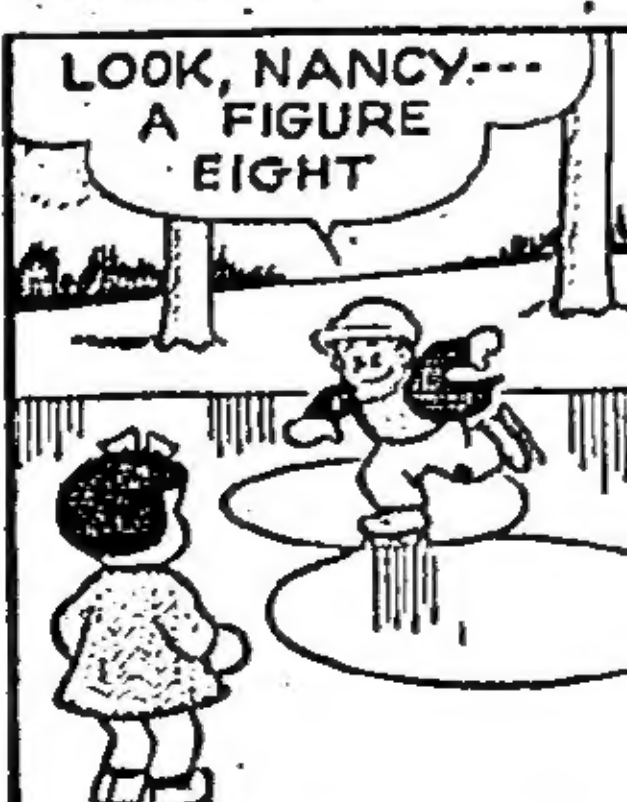
Mary, who is 22, will work as a tester in a lamp factory at Spennymoor, Durham. She will get the local wage instead of ten guineas a week.

She will live off rationed meat, butter, and other things as her family can afford. At home Mary gets up at 5.30 every morning to help get breakfast for the family and wash up. She likes skating and dancing, and prefers serious plays to films.

NANCY

She Got His Number

By Ernie Bushmiller.



HEAD FIRST FOR BEAUTY!



SOLE AGENTS: NAN KANG CO. UNION BLDG. K.

